

R. Daines
The Brisk Damsel's

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GARLAND,

Containing several Excellent.

New Songs.

- I. The Brisk young Damsels choice of a Husband.
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- III. A New Song on the Antigallican Privateer.
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Licensed and Entered according to Order.



The Brisk young Damsel choice of a Husband



The Brisk young Damsels Choice of a Husband GARLAND,

DEAR mother I'll tell you that I am afraid,
I'll surely grow old if I live long a maid,
Therefore of a husband I stand in great need.
So let me be married and now with all speed.

Dear daughter, you talk of a husband, but when
Was ever you courted by any young man,
O yes, loving mother, I have suitors in store,
There's Robin the miller, and two or three more.

Their love is only to me I declare,
They meet me, and treat me at market and fair
Their love me so well, and my mind is so bent,
That I never will marry without your consent.

Then, like an indulgent mother, she said,
If that you be weary with living a maid,
Then you shall be married as well as the rest,
I pray now what tradesmen do you fancy best?

A Cooper, a Cocker, a Barber said she,
A Miller or Taylor, is all one to me,
So I be but married, for I dare engage,
Though I am but youthful, yet I am of age.

I like not those, they're slipp'ry blades.
 And as for the Coblers, I like not their trade,
 A Cook is all greasy with a dripping pan,
 A miller's a thief and a Taylor's no man.

Then I'll have sailor what think you of him
 For they are the lads that go gallant and trim,
 And when they return from the sea to the shore,
 They bring gold and silver, and twenty things
 more.

O then says the mother if this be your chance
 With some honest sailor yourself to advance;
 Then to this chance we will agree,
 O you's have a sailor, and no one but he.

BRITISH ALARM.

COE listen You Britons and stand,
 to your arms,
 The French and the Spaniards our nation
 alarms ;
 They are now prepar'd and ready for sea,
 Expecting to join the Rebels in North
 America.

Rouse rouse, you Britains,
 You Britans bold and free,
 Let's conquer the Rebels and all
 our enemies.

For since that they threaten, now let
 them come on,

®
want their business shall quickly be
done;

Our fleet they will meet them, and with
a jovil train,

Britons were always masters of the main
Brave Admiral Keppel he is a valiant man
Clinton and Campbell will do all they can
If the Spaniards begin they will let them

understand,

They will bring their gold into Old
England.

The Colonies begun to rebel against
their king,

But Washington and Adams in a halter
shall swing;

Our soldiers are valiant and scorn for
to fly,

Resolving they are for to conquer or die
Georgia we have taken, the Rebels,
they run,

And haste to the woods, and cry we are
undone;

Our Britons they follow, and make them
to fight,

We'll let them to know, we'll exert Old
England's

England's right.

Success to king George, and likewise,
the crown,

And that he may live to pull popery
down :

If the French and spaniards join
them, as people do say,

We'll make them pay the reckoning for
North-America.

Rouse, rouse, &c.

A New Song on the Antigallican Privateer.

THE Antigallican's safe arriv'd,
On Board of her with speed let's hie;
She'll soon be fit to sail away,
To the Antigallican haste away, &c.

For Gold we'll sail the Ocean o'er,
From Briton's Isle to the French Shore:
No Ships from us shall run away,
To the Antigallican haste away.

The Spaniards too those cunning Knaves,
We'll take their Ships and make them Slaves
Till war's declar'd we'll never stay,
To the Antigallican haste away.

If we shou'd meet with a Galloon,
Our own we'll make her very soon:

Then

Then Drums shall beat and Music play,
To the Antigallican haste away.

Our Country calls us all to Arms;
To keep us safe from French Alarms;
Then let us all her Voice obey,
To the Antigallican haste away.

Our Fortunes made, then home we'll steer,
And enter Shields with many a Cheer,
To meet our Friends so blyth and gay,
To the Antigallican haste away.

To Charlotte's Head then let's repair,
We'll be receiv'd with welcome there;
Let's enter then without delay,
To the Antigallican haste away.

The North country Collior,

AT the head of wear water, about twelve at noon
I heard a fair maid a talking and this was her tone
of all the sorts of callings in every degree
But of all the sorts of collings in a collier for me.

You may know a jolly collier as he walks on the street
His cloathing is so handsom and so neat is his feat
With teeth as white as ivory and his eyes as black as flow
You may know a jolly collier whereever he goes.

You may know a jolly collier he's a swaggaring young
blade

When he goes a courting of his buxom fair maid,
With his lips he so flatters her, and he spends his money
freely.

You may know a jolly collier wheresoever that he be.

Yon may know a jolly collior, as he sails the salt sea
 As he ploughs the wide ocean he sets his sails three
 You may know a jolly collior wheresoever that he be,

I'll build my love a castle upon yon high mount,
 Where neither duke nor squir shall ever find it out,
 For the King can but enjoy the Queen, and I can do the
 same.

and I am but a poor shepherd, and who can me blame,



The Irish Girl A new Song.

A Broad as I was walking down by river a side
 I gaz'd all around me an Irish Girl espy'd,
 And red and rosey was her cheeks and yellow was her hair
 And so costly were the robes that this girl did wear

Then tears ran down her rosy cheeks and she began to cry
 O Ye false deluding man and full of perjury
 Now I may sing O grammacree since now for him I die
 My love is gone to Ireland and quite forsaken me.

One night I lay on my bed both sick and bad was I
 call'd for a napking around my head to tie
 Was she as bad in love perhaps I might mend again
 O this love is a killing thing did you e'er feel the pain

My love she's more fair than the lilly that grows,
 She's a voice more clear than any wind that blows
 She's the primrose of this country like venus in the air
 Let her go where she will she's my joy and my dear

My love she's not come near me, for all the mourn I make
Nor will she pity me if my poor heart should break
Was I born of some noble blood and she of the mean degree
She would hear my lamentation and come and pity me.

But be it so or be it not, I'll take my chance,
The first time I saw my love she struck me in a trance.
Her ruddy lips and sparkling eyes so bewitched me,
If I was King of Ireland, Queen of it she should be.

I wish I was some valliant man set on a pleasant bank
And every lad a bottle of Wine, and on his knee a wench,
We'll call for liquor merrily we'll day before go,
We'll range through the groves let the wind blow high or low.

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